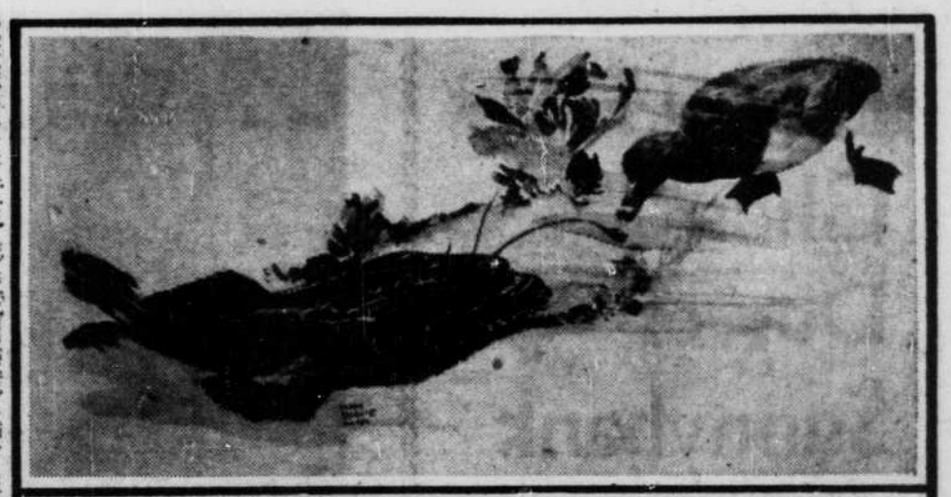

How the angler fish, or "sea devil," catches his prey. In the upper of these paintings by Lynn Bogue Hunt, the fish is shown enticing a diving bird into reach with his dangling tentacle. Below, his enormous mouth makes the catch.

Upper left: A man attacked under water by an octopus can escape very easily, if he knows how. All he need do is stick a knife, or even a finger, in the creature's eye—that always ends it.

STRANGE TRICKS of the SEA MONSTERS

A Noted Traveler and Sportswoman Writes About the Big and Little Gangsters of the Deep and Their Queer Habits.

BY MARY C RMICHAEL.

SOMETIMES, in a disparaging manner, one person will refer to another as "a poor fish." But few people ever think of applying human attributes to the water folk. It is the usual thing, however, to find something very human in their methods of trickery.

There is a savage member of the fish family called by some fishermen the sea devil. He tricks his fellows to death as artfully as any gangster who ever took another for a ride. His real name is angler or goose fish.

On his head are little growths which look like the worms that little fish love to eat. He sinks to the bottom of the water, into the mud or reeds, but lets these little wormlike growths stick up above his hiding place. The fish, attracted by what they think are worms, swarm around. Then the angler jumps up from the mud and catches them.

He is an ugly creature. He has a frightful mouth armed with rasp-like teeth, and as he attains a length in some waters of five feet, he is naturally a terror to smaller fish. But, as he can only move very slowly, he has to resort to trickery to catch his prey. He walks along the bottom of the sea on his broad fins. With these he stirs up the sand and mud to hide himself, which arouses the curiosity of other fish and draws them near.

THIS plan does not always succeed, however, and as an alternative the angler lies buried with a fishing rod in action. The fishing rod is a long tentacle sticking up from the head, with a sort of fringe at the end. This fringe is agitated by the angler, and the fish, thinking it is something good to eat, approach to seize it, to be themselves engulfed in the awful mouth of the sea devil.

He has earned his name of "goose fish" because he will seize birds at rest on the water and birds that dive for water plants and small fish. His mouth is so large and his teeth so sharp that he can easily satisfy his appetite for bird meat if water fowl linger too long near his feeding place.

The octopus is able to turn a trick that makes the water about him quite black. If he is about to be attacked, he squirts out a liquid called sepia. Artists use this in painting. This ink is so powerful it immediately spreads through the water like a black cloud which hides the octopus and helps him to escape from his enemies.

One warm morning, while fishing along a Florida Coast, we caught a small octopus. We put him into a bucket of water. He instantly turned it as black as ink. A dozen times we gave him clear, fresh water and a dozen times he turned it black. Finally we dumped him back into the ocean, alive, as a reward for his persistency.

Natives of many lands catch small octopuses and scrub them well against the rocks to rid the bodies of sepia and a soapy substance which they also exude. Then the flesh is ready to cook and is considered a great delicacy.

During a trip to the Hawaiian Islands we studied the various fishing methods used by the natives. Some were too gruesome for us to copy. One day we watched a native who was fishing among the coral rocks that lined a Hawaiian beach. He caught a small octopus and put it up to his face to bite out its eyes. The octopus wound its tenacles about his head like so many snakes. It was a hideous sight and we were glad when it was over.

THE native knew what all scientists know, that the nerve center of the octopus is in its eyes. When the eyes are destroyed the octopus dies. Through centuries of time Hawaiians have bitten out the eyes instead of cutting them out with a knife. Why they do such a thing is just another of those unanswerable questions.

Writers of fiction often cast the octopus in the role of the villain when they tell an exciting deep sea tale. They always write of the hero slashing and cutting away at the grasping tentacles, trying to free himself. If such writers would only make a scientific study of the octopus, I'm sure we would read new versions of the heroes' escape.

Instead of wasting time and energy trying to cut away the octopus' tentacles, the hero should thrust his knife into one of its eyes. In that instant he would be free from danger, for the octopus would sink slowly to the bottom of the sea, a lifeless mass.

Larger members of the octopus family are found out at sea, but sometimes they venture too close to the shore, where they are caught. Fishermen caught one along the Newfoundland Coast not long ago. Its arms, or tentacles, were 24 feet long.

The family's giants live in the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. Sailors consider them the most loathsome things in the sea. Frank Bullen, a sailor who wrote true stories of the sea, saw a battle between a giant octopus and a fierce sperm whale. The octopus was so large its eyes were a foot in diameter and its huge arms were wrapped about the whale's head. A lot of sepia ink was spilled in the ocean that day, but the whale won the battle and killed the octopus.

The little sea horse has a trick that enables him to look like a branch of sea weed or coral when danger threatens. His tail is like a monkey's, in that he can coil it about sea foliage and keep perfectly quiet, looking very much like a branch instead of a fish. Again, using sea weed as a screen and attaching himself to it by his tail, he catches food that chances to come his way.

THE male sea horse has another trick by which he protects the young. He collects the eggs which the female sea horse lays, and stores them in a little leathery pouch, which nature has given him for that purpose, and which is similar to the pouch of the kangaroo.

There the eggs hatch and when the young are born this pouch is their cradle. It is also a refuge, for, if they are swimming about and danger threatens, they hurry to it for protection.

The sea horse belongs to the family of fish called pipe fish because of the pipelike shape of their mouths. But he gets his name because of his bright, prominent eyes, the shape of his mouth and two little fins on the top of his head. These create, in general, the appearance of a horse's head.

The sea horse is so popular with the general public that the New York City Aquarum finds a ready market for mounted specimens, which they sell, one to a box, for a small sum.

When Columbus returned to Europe after his second voyage he told of a remarkable fish he had seen while at Cuba. He said the natives tied a line around the fish's tail and sent it down into the sea to catch fish in the manner a falcon is sent into the air to catch birds.

None of Columbus' hearers could imagine such a thing. They thought it was just another fish story. Today the art is a lost one in Cuba, but the natives of Zanzibar use this fish, the remora or sucking fish, as a living hook to catch other fish.

The remora is small. He only grows 30-odd inches in length. He has no need to grow larger, for he has developed in another way.

Through centuries of evolution his dorsal fin has gradually changed into a perfect sucking disk on the top of his head and shoulders. This disk is made of cross partitions of fleshy tissue and set with fine spines.

Once the sucker lays this disk flat against a fish or turtle he creates a vacuum and cannot be pulled off. Only by drawing him sideways can he be detached.

WHEN the natives see a large fish or turtle swimming through the clear water, they release the sucker and he swims down and attaches himself to the victim. The natives pull on the line tied about the sucker's tail and both are brought to the surface. After each catch the sucker is given a small piece of the meat as a reward.

In the open sea the sucker is a gigolo and a hitch-hiker. He attaches himself to the shark and goes places and sees things without so much as the flip of a fin. He prefers the shark as a traveling companion because the shark tears his food to pieces when he feeds. Small bits of flesh floating about are just what the sucker fish wants and he has an easy living picking them up.

The globe, or puffer, fish is as full of tricks as Thurston, the magician, and he is the only fish the shark is afraid to swallow. He has a hard parrotlike mouth with which he can break pieces of coral. All of his teeth in each jaw are grown together into one. This blunt-edged mouth is just what he needs to break up the snails and crabs on which he feeds.

If a big shark should become careless, ignore the danger and swallow him, the globe fish could eat his way right through the shark's frame, which is made of cartilage and not bone.

If an enemy disturbs this 24-inch animated pincushion, he swims to the surface of the water and gulps air into his expanding stomach until he has become twice his normal size. Then he floats belly upward on the surface like a balloon, securely protected against any fish. Nobody dares eat him, because he secretes a strychnine-like poison.

As a curiosity he is worth examining. But if he is dipped out of the water by means of a hat or a net one must be careful for he has one last trick—if he gets close enough he can spit a stream of water right into the examiner's eye.

Pig's Ears

Continued from Fourth Page.

was scrambling up from a bed. Steve was swinging for the kid, swearing.

The double bits of the ax glittered in a straight thrust. The butt of the haft and Steve Bratich's lumpish jaw collided with a meaty thud. The boss of the slag-gang went down like an ox in the stock yards.

SOME two hours later Carrie Haubert was beginning to believe that the dream had turned into the real thing, after all. Pete Lauritsen was driving his jilloppy up the Michigan shore of the lake. They would ferry over to Wisconsin. No more Calumet. Hell was closed for the season.

"Maybe for keeps," Carrie thought. "Maybe for keeps hell is closed."

Okay, romance! She'd cook and keep house for Pete and his hired man until Winter, okay-okay—and then—maybe for keeps——

But he'd get fed up, jeered the old life in Carrie. Men didn't marry girls with kids, not in these tough times. They bought flowers on Mother's day, but they didn't marry mothers, they didn't.

Aw, come on, Carrie, be a nut. Dream a little. Hope some . . .

Pig's Ears awoke in her arms. Pig's Ears was hungry. His lusty yell pierced the chug and rattle of the jilloppy. A gas station and hot-dog stand loomed ahead. Pete swung for it and hauled up. He grabbed the kid, and the yells smothered into soft whimpers against a red gallus.

"Hey, he ain't skeered of me yet!" boasted Pete Lauritsen. He grinned at Carrie. "I feed him up now. He like me to, yesiree. Say, Carrie, I tell you something. I don't never let you go, you bat you, till this har Pig's Ears get skeered of me once. Ho-ho, Pig's Ears!"

"For keeps," sighed Carrie happily, as Pete swung away with the kid. "Sure it'll be for keeps——"

She knew her Pig's Ears. He'd never get scared of Pete. Not so long as Pete fed him whenever he yelled, Pig's Ears wouldn't.

Encouraging Johnnie

"I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnnie to play his drum."

"Why?"

"Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum."